

675
Miss *Cadiere's* CASE

Very Handsomely

C. 141. a. 6.

H A N D L E D.

In M E T R E.

By a Gentleman Commoner.

C A L C U L A T E D

For the I N S T R U C T I O N of the Ignorant,
and proper to be read in all Christian
Families.

----- *Humanum est Errare.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBERTS in Warwick-Lane, MDCCXXXI.

(Price Six Pence.)

Mrs. Charles C. A. S.

Very Respectfully

HANDLED.

In M. E. R. P.

Yours Obediently

Wm. H. H. H.

To the Hon. Sec. of the
U. S. Army, War Dept.





Miss *Cadiere's* CASE

Very Handsomely

H A N D L E D.

I.



H A T a Bustle is here
About Madam *Cadiere*,
And Father *Girard* her Confessor!
Was ever young Whore
So important before
As this little Gipsy? God blefs her!

II.

We've a tedious long Case
Of the Time, and the Place,
And the Manner the Jesuit bewitch'd her;
But she surely must be
Full as willing as he,
Or the Good Man could never have st--h'd her.

B

I should

III.

I should take the Girl's part,
From the depth of my Heart,
If the Gipsy had'nt so long conceal'd it;
But the Politick Fair
Took both Caution and Care
To be glutt'd before she reveal'd it.

IV.

For her Fits, and her Dreams,
And her other fine Schemes,
Prove her rather a Bite than a Bubble;
If 'twas not her Thought,
She was very well taught,
And her Tutor well paid for his Trouble.

V.

While the Gulls would believe,
She ne'er ceas'd to deceive,
But went merrily on with the Juggle;
Nor repin'd she at Pain,
Full of Hopes to obtain
A Saintship, well worthy her Struggle.

VI.

But she went on so fast,
Folks grew weary at last,
And worshipping turn'd to Suspicion;
Then soon did they smoke,
Pretty Miss's fine Joke,
And see through her Craft and Ambition.

VII. Little

VII.

Little dreamt she of Spies,
When each Corner had Eyes
To inspect her most secret Transactions ;
They watch'd her so tight,
That at last came to light
The whole blessed Scene of her Actions.

VIII.

When all was come out,
Then tack'd she about,
In order to save her own Honour ;
She look'd so demure,
And laid such a Lure,
The People took pity upon her.

IX.

She told a sad Tale,
That o'er all did prevail,
And made 'em give heed to her Fables ;
Thus she lick'd herself whole,
Poor innocent Soul !
And turn'd on the Father the Tables.

X.

Now by Young and by Old
The Story is told,
And the World is new furnish'd with Tattle :
For be certain of that,
They're as fond of Chit-Chat
As a Baby is fond of a Rattle.

XI. The

XI.

The Prude and the Saint,
 That shew such Restraint,
 And speak not a light Word before you;
 Yet when they're retir'd,
 Are sensibly fir'd,
 With the Warmth of a sweet luscious Story.

XII.

The toothless old Dame,
 Loves to hear of that fame,
 It puts her in mind of past Pleasure;
 And the P--son most sage,
 At a lecherous Page
 Will shake his fat Sides beyond measure.

XIII.

Ev'n the Judge on the Bench,
 Who examines a Wench,
 Insists on a strict Explanation;
 And makes her proceed,
 In order to feed
 His Fancy with warm Titillation.

XIV.

'Tis the Counsellors Game,
 With the Jury the same,
 They love it much better than Money;
 'Tis all Sugar and Sack,
 Tis Nuts for to Crack,
 When a Cause is well larded with Bunny.

XV. Oh

XV.

Oh! how sweet is the Task,
 What fine Questions they'll ask,
 And enlarge upon every Trifle!
 While they would, if they durst,
 Laugh out 'till they burst,
 But Decency bids 'em to stifle.

XVI.

They care not a Rush
 Who they put to the Blush,
 So they furnish themselves but with Giggle;
 For they'll have Things so plain,
 And again, and again,
 'Till it makes their old Buttocks to wriggle.

XVII.

The Bookfelling Crew
 Find this Maxim too true,
 That *Smut* suits the Grave and the Gaudy;
 When nought else will go down,
 They can tickle the Town
 With a delicate Morfel of Baudy.

XVIII.

'Tis the same with the Stage
 In this amorous Age,
 Which makes our Bards write so divinely;
 If the Play is not fat,
 'Tis insipid and flat,
 And the Audience sit dull and supinely.

XIX.

I will venture to say,
 That full many a Play
 Had been damn'd without one to defend it,
 If some comical Dog
 With a smart Epilogue
 Did not bribe the *Beau-Monde* to commend it.

XX.

'Tis an infinite Theme,
 An eternal Extreme.
 Its Pow'r is beyond all Resisting;
 'Tis a durable Joke,
 That will Laughter provoke,
 So long as this World is subsisting.

XXI.

As sure as a Gun
 My Muse has outrun
 My poor Wits in this wanton Digression;
 So return we once more
 To our Rogue and our Whore,
 'Tis no better, --- so spare the Expression.

XXII.

When the Brotherhood saw
 That this damnable Flaw
 Would fix a foul Stain on their Order;
 So they thought it was best
 To unlock their great Chest,
 And † * * * * *

XXIII. Then.

† Rhime is here omitted for Reason's sake.

XXIII.

Then the Politic Tribe,
 What with Int'rest and Bribe,
 And the Force of full many a Dollar,
 Soon lick'd him quite whole,
 Poor innocent Soul!
 And slip'd his Neck out of the Collar.

XXIV.

And the merciful Law
 Bids both Parties withdraw,
 And return to their own Habitation:
 So, --- *Be as ye were*
 Ends this mighty Affair,
 And saves a great deal of Vexation.

XXV.

Now the Father's fet free,
 Upon paying his Fee,
 And sent to his worthy Superiors,
 Where his Flame will be cool'd,
 And he handsomely school'd
 For peeping in Miss's Posteriors.

XXVI.

And the pretty young Lamb
 Is return'd to her Mam
 To hear many a Juniper Lecture,
 For ever confin'd
 From the Sight of Mankind;
 Oh! how must such Penance affect her!

XXVII. Oh

XXVII.

Ye *Confessors*, beware
How ye sport with the Fair,
For fear like *Girard* you miscarry:
It must now be confest,
That our System is best,
So you'd better live honest, and marry.

XXVIII.

When a Man is deny'd
The free Use of a Bride,
It makes him as lewd as the Devil;
So our Clergy to tame,
We allow 'em that same
In a Way that is lawful and Civil.

XXIX.

But if as my Life
I lov'd Daughter or Wife,
I'd be sure to keep off the Confessor;
For by Bible or Book,
Or by Hook or by Crook
He'll find out some Way to caress her.

XXX.

That *Auricular Chair*
Is an excellent Snare,
A sweet Inlet to carnal Transgression;
For as sure as they thrive,
So sure may they *sw---e*,
Whoever trusts them with Confession.



